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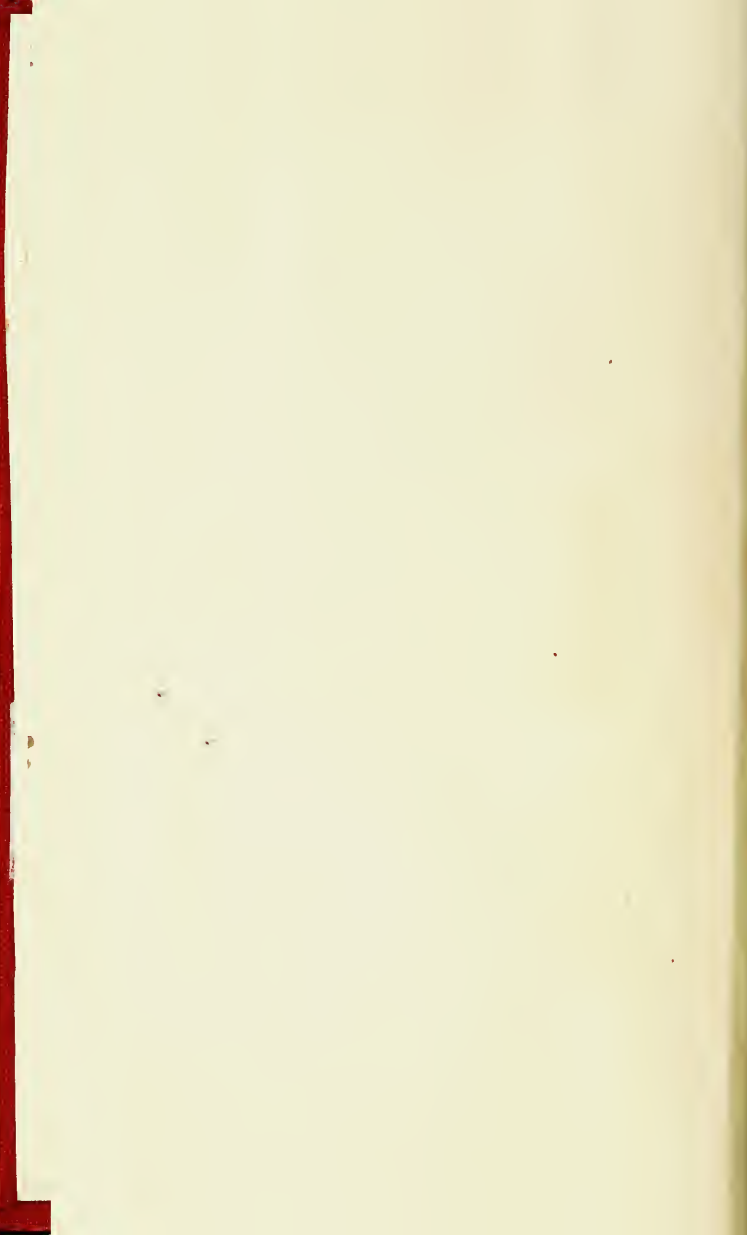
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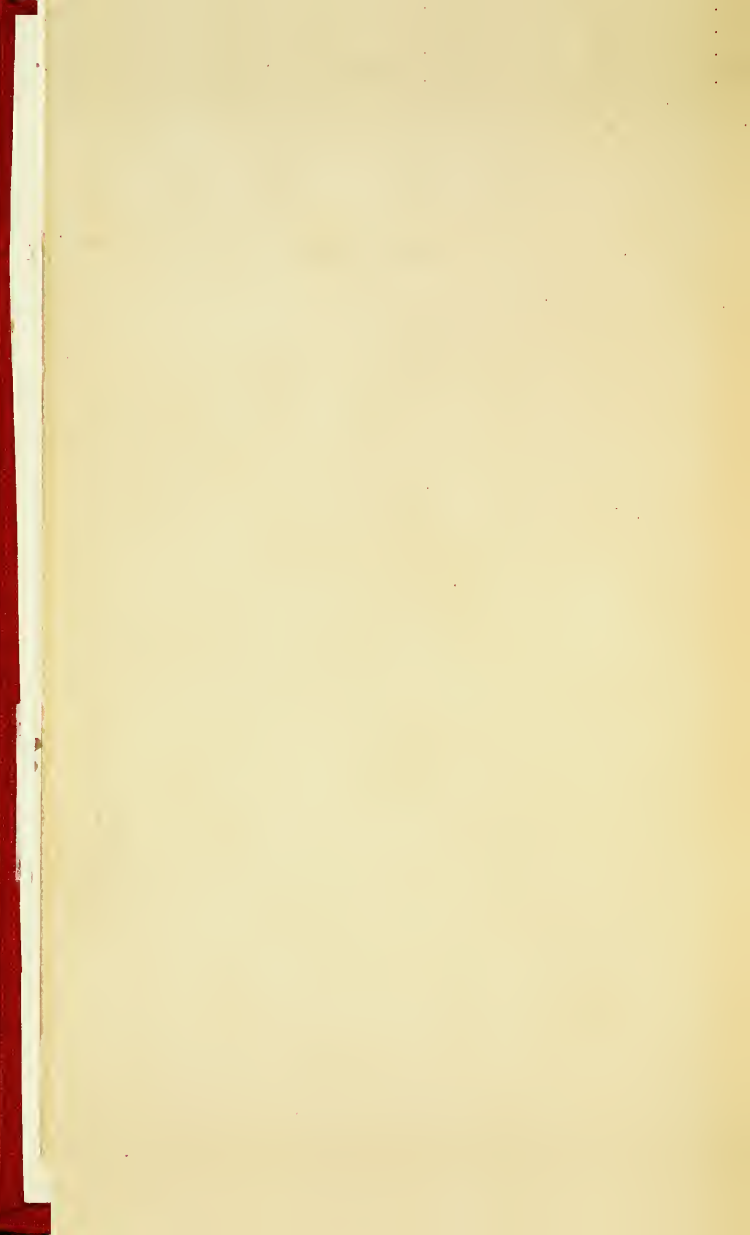




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To W. Wordsworth  
with the regards  
and respects of his  
own friend

Beil Montg.





# FEMALE AFFECTION.

BY

BASIL MONTAGU.

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TO HIS DEAR EDITH, FROM HER  
AFFECTIONATE GRANDFATHER.—B. M.



## PREFACE.

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THERE are certain properties of the female mind upon which doubt has existed, and may, possibly, long exist.

1. Women are said to be fond of ornament—an evil against which they were thus warned by St. Paul—"I will that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with embroidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but which becometh women professing godliness, with good works."

2. Women are said to be fond of gaiety :

"Some men to business, some to pleasure take,"—

but the ruling passion of woman is not the love of business.

3. It is said that women act more from impulse than from foresight :

“Men have many faults, women have only two,—”  
of which the want of foresight is one.

4. Women, it is said, are variable :

——— “*Varium et mutabile semper  
Fœmina.*”

Women are fond of intellect, of courage, of virtue ; and are capable of the most heroic acts.

Such are properties of the female mind, upon which doubt may be entertained ; but there is one property upon which doubt cannot exist—it is the nature of woman to be affectionate.

B. M.

# FEMALE AFFECTION.

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## THE PLEASURES OF AFFECTION.

THE pleasures of the affections are Love, Friendship, Gratitude, and general Benevolence.

“For the pleasures of the affections,” says Lord Bacon, “we must resort to the poets, for there affection is on her throne, there we may find her painted forth to the life.”

Instead of referring us to the poets, he might, according to his own admonitions, have referred us to the certain mode of discovering truth, by observing facts around us, and particularly by observing the nature sought, where it is most conspicuous.

In searching, for any nature, observe it, he says, where it is most conspicuous; as, in inquiring into the nature of flame, observe the sudden ignition and expansion of gas—these are what he calls “*glaring instances*.”

The glaring instance of affection is *Female Affection*; there indeed she is on her throne, there we may find her painted forth to the life. It is the nature of woman to be affectionate.

## § I.

## FEMALE AFFECTION IN GENERAL.

## MUNGO PARK.

WHEN stating the miseries to which he was exposed in Africa, Mungo Park says, "I never, when in distress and misery, applied for relief to a female, without finding pity,—and if she had the power, assistance." And he thus mentions one instance,—“I waited,” he says, “more than two hours for an opportunity to cross that river, but one of the chief men informed me that I must not presume to cross without the King’s permission; he therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night. I found to my great mortification that no person would admit me into his house;—I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain; and the wild beasts are so very numerous that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting among the branches. About sunset as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from



the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was hungry, she gave me a very fine fish for my supper; and pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension, she called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs; one of which was composed extempore—for I was, myself, the subject of it: it was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive; and the words, literally translated, were these:—

*“ The winds roared, and the rains fell,— the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree,—he has no mother to bring him milk,—no wife to grind his corn.—Chorus—Let us pity the white man,—no mother has he!” &c.*

## GRIFFITH.

“ON the northern side of the plain we had just entered, was a large encampment of these people. Being in absolute want of milk, I determined to solicit the assistance of these Turcomans. Approaching their tents, with gradual step, and apparent indifference, I passed several, without observing any probability of succeeding: children, only, were to be seen near the spot where I was, and men with their flocks, at a certain distance; advancing still farther, I saw a woman, at the entrance of a small tent, occupied in domestic employment. Convinced that an appeal to the feelings of the female sex, offered with decency, by a man distressed with hunger, would not be rejected, I held out my wooden bowl, and reversing it, made a salutation according to the forms of the country. The kind Turcomannee covered her face precipitately, and retired within the tent. I did not advance a step; she saw me unassuming,—my inverted bowl still explained my wants. The timidity of her sex, the usages of her country, and, even the fear of danger, gave way to the benevolence of her heart: she went to the tent again; returned speedily with a bowl of milk, and, advancing towards me with a glance more

than half averted, filled my bowl to the brim, and vanished."

#### LEDYARD.

"I NEVER addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise,—in wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me,—and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught,—and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."

#### PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

"AND there went a man of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi. And the woman conceived, and bare a son: and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months. And when

she could not longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein ; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him. And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to the river ; and her maidens walked along by the river's side ; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. And when she had opened it, she saw the child : and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said,—This is one of the Hebrews' children. Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, 'Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee ?' And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, 'Go.' And the maid went and called the child's mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, 'Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.' And the woman took the child, and nursed it."

## § II.

## DIFFERENT FORMS OF FEMALE AFFECTION.

THE nature of female affection may be seen in a variety of forms,—in Infancy, in the sweet love of Youth, of a Wife, of a Mother, of a Daughter, of a Widow.

## INFANCY.

The following is an account which I somewhere read of Nell Gwynn, when a child:—  
“My first love, you must know, was a link-boy,”—“A *what?*”—“’Tis true,” said she, “for all the frightfulness of your *what!*—and a very good soul he was, too, poor Dick! and had the heart of a gentleman; God knows what has become of him, but when I last saw him he said he would humbly love me to his dying day. He used to say that I must have been a lord’s daughter for my beauty, and that I ought to ride in my coach; and he behaved to me as if I did. He, poor boy, would light me and my mother home, when we had sold our oranges, to our lodgings in Lewknor’s Lane, as if we had been ladies of the land. He said he never felt easy for the evening ’till he had asked me how I did, then he went gaily about his work; and if he saw us housed at night, he slept like a prince. I shall never forget when he came flushing and

stammering, and drew out of his pocket a pair of worsted stockings, which he brought for my naked feet. It was bitter cold weather ; and I had chilblains, which made me hobble about 'till I cried,—and what does poor Richard do but work hard like a horse, and buy me these worsted stockings ? My mother bade him put them on ; and so he did, and his warm tears fell on my chilblains, and he said he should be the happiest lad on earth if the stockings did me any good.”

When the Commissioners visited the Penitentiary at Lambeth, where the prisoners are punished by solitary confinement, they found in one cell a little girl, between eleven and twelve years of age. This child must have spent many hours every day in the dark ; was poorly clad, and scantily fed, and her young limbs were deprived of all the joyous modes of playful exercise, so necessary and so pleasant to that age : she asked neither for food, nor clothes, nor light, nor liberty, —all she wished for was “ a little doll, that she might dress and nurse it.” Her innocent and child-like request put an end to this cruel punishment for children.

“ I yesterday took my dear grand-daughter to see Westminster Abbey. She is between seven and eight years of age, and is one of the sweetest

angels that ever existed on earth. It was a bitter cold morning : on the tomb of Mrs. Warren, who was a mother to poor children, there is a beautiful statue of a poor half-clothed Irish girl, with her little naked baby in her arms ;—my dear little child looked up at me, and, through her tears, earnestly said, ‘How I *should* like to nurse that little baby !’ ”

### YOUTH.

OF the influence of love upon youth and inexperience, it can scarcely be necessary to adduce any instances. I must, however, mention one fact which occurred during the rebellion in '45.

“When I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind : it was my delight in the long summer evenings, to slip away from my companions, that I might walk in the shade of a venerable wood, my favourite haunt, and listen to the cawing of the old rooks, who seemed as fond of this retreat as I was.

“One evening I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness in all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie

I was suddenly startled by the sight of a tall slender female who was standing by me, looking sorrowfully and steadily in my face. She was dressed in white, from head to foot, in a fashion I had never seen before ; her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she glided through the low shrubs near me as if they were made of the richest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying, and I knew not that I could have stirred from the spot ; but she seemed so very mild and beautiful, I did not attempt it. Her pale brown hair was braided round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck ; altogether she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a living woman. I closed my eyes forcibly with my hands, and when I looked again she had vanished.

“ I cannot exactly say why I did not on my return speak of this beautiful appearance, nor why, with a strange mixture of hope and fear, I went again and again to the same spot that I might see her. She always came, and often in the storm and plashing rain, that never seemed to touch or to annoy her, looked sweetly at me, and silently passed on ; and though she was so near to me, that once the wind lifted those light straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I never could move or speak to her. I fell



ill; and when I recovered, my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom, in the height of my fever, I had so often spoken.

“I cannot tell you what a weight was taken off my spirits when I learnt that this was no apparition, but a most lovely woman; not young, though she had kept her young looks,—for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spared her beauty.

“When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, a young officer, in that very wood I was so fond of, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry Robinson, and conveyed by a trusty domestic to her father’s mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist; but the officer’s desperate condition excited his compassion, and his many wounds spoke a language a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry’s daughter with many tears pleaded for him, and promised that he should be carefully and secretly attended. And well she kept that promise,—for she waited upon him (her mother being long dead) for many weeks, and anxiously watched for the first opening of eyes, that, languid as he was, looked brightly and gratefully

upon his young nurse. You may fancy, better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low-voiced singing, and gentle playing on the lute; and how many fresh flowers were brought to one whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself; and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined him. I will pass by this, to speak of one day, which, brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gaily spoke of 'a little festival, which (though it must bear an unworthier name) she meant really to give, in honour of her guest's recovery;'—'and it is time, lady,' said he, 'for that guest, so tended and so honoured, to tell you his whole story, and speak to you of one who will help him to thank you—may I ask you, fair lady, to write a little note for me, which, even in these times of danger I may find some means to forward?' To his mother, no doubt, she thought, as with light steps and a lighter heart she seated herself by his couch, and smilingly bade him dictate: but, when he said '*My Dear Wife,*' and lifted up his eyes to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue, that

gave him one look of utter despair, and fell (for he had no power to help her) heavily at his feet. Those eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or answered by answering looks the fond inquiries of her poor old father. She lived to be as I saw her,—sweet, and gentle, and delicate always, but reason returned no more. She visited, 'till the day of her death, the spot where she first saw that young soldier, and dressed herself in the very clothes he said so well became her.”

#### THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

“IN walking through a street in London, I saw a crowd of men women and children hooting and laughing at a woman, who, looking neither to the right-hand nor to the left, passed through the midst of them in perfect silence; upon approaching her, I saw that all this derision was caused by her dress, which, equally unsuited to the weather and her apparent rank in life, was from head to foot entirely *white*,—her bonnet, her shawl, her very shoes were *white*; and though all that she wore seemed of the coarsest materials, her dress was perfectly clean. As I walked past her, I looked stedfastly in her face. She was thin and pale, of a pleasing countenance, and totally unmoved

by the clamour around her. I have since learnt her story:—The young man to whom she was betrothed died on the bridal-day, when she and her companions were dressed to go to church: she lost her senses,—and has ever since, to use her own words, been ‘expecting her bridegroom,’ Neither insult or privation of any kind can induce her to change the colour of her dress; she is alike insensible of her bereavement by death, or of the lapse of time,—‘she is dressed for the bridal, and the bridegroom is at hand.’”

Such is the nature of Woman’s Love—continuing in imagination, when reality is no more:

“As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid,  
Who dressed her in her buried lover’s clothes,  
And o’er the smooth spring in the mountain’s cleft  
Hung with her lute, and played the selfsame tune  
He used to play, and listened to the shadow  
Herself had made.”—COLERIDGE.

Such is the tenderness, such the intensity of the love of innocence. It has for ever existed, and will for ever exist,—from Eve, on the first day of her creation, to the many whose hearts at this moment beat with affection and love:

“All thoughts, all passions, all desires,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.”

## WIFE.

LET us now consider affection where it appears in one of its sweetest forms,—in the love of a wife,—love, in the strength of which, hoping all things, she does not hesitate to quit her father and her mother and all dear to her to share the joys and sorrows of her husband. In prosperity she delights in his happiness, in sickness she watches over him, feeling more grief than she shows.

A young soldier, thus speaks of the affection of his wife :—

“ For five campaigns

Did my sweet Lucy know

Each hardship and each toil

We soldiers undergo.

Nor ever did she murmur,

Or at her fate repine,

She thought not of her sorrow,

But how to lessen mine :

In hunger, or hard marching,

Whate’er the ill might be,

In her I found a friend,

Who ne’er deserted me :

And in my tent when wounded,

And when I sickening lay,

Oft from my brow with trembling hand,

She wiped the damps away.

And when this heart, my Lucy,

Shall cease to beat for thee,

Oh ! cold, clay cold,

Full sure this heart must be.”

## THE ROBBER.

“A FRIEND of mine who had long struggled with a dangerous fever, approached that crisis on which his life depended, when sleep, uninterrupted sleep might ensure his recovery;—his wife, scarcely daring to breathe, sat by him; her servants, worn out by watching, had all left her; it was past midnight,—the room door was open for air; she heard in the silence of the night a window thrown open below stairs, and soon after footsteps approaching; in a short time, a man came into the room—his face was covered with a black crape: she instantly saw her husband’s danger; she pointed to him, and, pressing her finger upon her lip to implore silence, held out to the robber her purse and her keys: to her great surprise he took neither; he drew back, and left the room,—whether he was alarmed, or struck by this courage of affection cannot now be known; but, without robbing a house sanctified by such strength of love—he departed.”

## SENECA.

How well did the artist to whom we are indebted for the celebrated picture of the Death of Seneca, understand this deep feeling of female affection! It may be said of Seneca, as he said of a friend, “I have applied myself to liberal

studies, though both the poverty of my condition, and my own reason might rather have put me upon the making of my fortune. I have given proof, that all minds are capable of goodness ; and I have illustrated the obscurity of my family by the eminency of my virtue. I have preserved my faith in all extremities, and I have ventured my life for it. I have never spoken one word contrary to my conscience, and I have been more solicitous for my friend, than for myself. I never made any base submissions to any man ; and I have never done any thing unworthy of a resolute, and of an honest man. My mind is raised so much above all dangers, that I have mastered all hazards ; and I bless myself in the providence which gave me that experiment of my virtue : for it was not fit, methought, that so great a glory should come cheap. Nay, I did not so much as deliberate, whether good faith should suffer for me, or I for it. I stood my ground, without laying violent hands upon myself, to escape the rage of the powerful ; though under Caligula I saw cruelties, to such a degree, that to be killed outright was accounted a mercy, and yet I persisted in my honesty, to show, that I was ready to do more than die for it. My mind was never corrupted with gifts ; and when the humour of

avarice was at the height, I never laid my hand upon any unlawful gain. I have been temperate in my diet ; modest in my discourse ; courteous and affable to my inferiors ; and have ever paid a respect and reverence to my betters."

Such was the man whom the tyrant murdered. He is represented by the artist, bleeding to death, the punishment to which he was condemned,—his wife stands by and supports him to his last moment ; such is the affection of a wife.

#### DAUGHTER.

To understand the depth of female affection, as it is manifested in a daughter's love, it is necessary rightly to understand a law of affection to which as much consideration seems not often to be given as its importance demands.

It is a law, which has been a frequent subject of meditation by observers of the human mind—the law is, that it is the *nature of affection to descend, seldom to ascend.*

A few extracts from different authors will explain this law:—

*Du Moulin*, in his excellent little volume upon *Peace and Content*, says, "Of children expect



no good, but the satisfaction to have done them good, and to see them do well for themselves. For in this relation, the nature of beneficence is to *descend*, seldom to *remount*."

So Bishop Taylor, in his *Life of Christ*, when speaking of mothers who do not nurse their own children, says, "And if love *descends* more strongly than it *ascends*, and commonly falls from the parents upon the children in cataracts, and returns back again up to the parents but in small dews,—if the child's affection keeps the same proportions towards such unkind mothers, it will be as little as atoms in the sun, and never expresses itself but when the mother needs it not,—that is, in the sunshine of a clear fortune."

So Fuller says, in his chapter on Moderation, the silken string that runs through the pearl chain of all the virtues, "yea as love, doth *descend*, and men doat most on their grand-children."

The same sentiment, with the reason in which the truth originates, has been noticed by our poets.

The sweet poet, Barry Cornwall, says,—

"The love of parents, hath a deep still source,  
And falleth like a flood upon their child.  
Sometimes the child is grateful, then his love  
Comes like the spray returning."

In Thomson's "Spring," the same sentiment, containing the reason of this provision of nature, is beautifully explained. Having described the bird's nest, and the mother stealing from the barn a straw, 'till "*soft and warm the habitation grew,*" and having described the little birds in their nest,—

"Oh what passions then,  
What melting sentiments of kindly care  
Do the new parents' seize; away they fly  
Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
The most delicious morsel to their young,  
Which equally distributed, again  
The search begins."

And when the little birds are able to fly, the poet thus proceeds,—

"But now the feather'd youth their former bounds  
Ardent, disdain, and weighing oft their wings  
Demand the free possession of the sky:  
This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
Parental love at once, now needless grown,—  
Unlavish wisdom never works in vain."

He has expressed the same sentiment in his description of the eagle,—

"High from the summit of a craggy cliff  
Hung o'er the deep,  
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young

Strong-pounced, and ardent with paternal fire ;  
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own  
He drives them from his fort, the tow'ring seat  
For ages, of his empire : which in peace  
Unstained he holds, while many a league to sea,  
He wings his course and preys in distant isles."

Such is the nature of affection in general ; but  
in a daughter it is so powerful, that it never  
quits her.

According to the old adage—

"My son is my son, 'till he gets him a wife ;  
My daughter's my daughter, the whole of her life."

The pious excellent Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England, convinced of the unlawfulness of the King's marriage, resigned the Great Seal, and resolved to pass the remainder of his life amidst the charities of home and the consolations of religion.—Erasmus, speaking of his friend says, "there is not any man living so affectionate to his children ; you would say there was in that place Plato's academy,—I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion, for their special care is piety and virtue." Upon his refusal to take the oath of supremacy, he was tried for high treason and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and his head to be stuck on a pole on London bridge. He was ex-

ecuted July 5th, 1535. His body was begged by his daughter Margaret, and deposited in the church of Chelsea; where a monument, with an inscription written by himself had been erected some time before. She found means also to procure his head, after it had remained upon London bridge fourteen days: this she carefully preserved in a leaden chest, till she conveyed it to Canterbury, and placed it under a chapel adjoining to St. Dunstan's church in that city; where, after having survived her father sixteen years, she according to her desire was buried in the same vault with her father's head in her arms.

## MOTHER.

OF the love of a mother it is scarcely possible to give any adequate description. All that can be said of Charity, is most true if it be said of a mother's love, which hopeth, believeth, endureth all things. As the spirit of God brooded over the creation, while it was yet in the womb of the morning,—with such heavenly love does the pure spirit of the mother, cherish her infant yet unborn. With silent and thankful tears, she hears the first sound of its little voice, and straightway forgets all her pain and travail! When she looks upon it, no matter how homely in the eyes of another, she thinks that the world contains nothing fairer. Who can number her prayers for her infant, or her fond anticipations of his future advancement?—she remembers that the greatest men have once been helpless children, and trusts that her little helpless child will one day be a great man; she treasures his first words in her heart, and in all his little sayings discovers seeds of wisdom and goodness; and if after all, she is

doomed to find him deformed in limb, or weak in intellect, she dwells upon the sweetness of his disposition, and the strength of his affections, and clings to him with a warmer love, because others think him crippled and unsightly. If her child grows up, in the fear and nurture of God, and is deserving of her love, life has no joy like her joy ; and should all her care prove fruitless, and the misguided youth make her heart sad, and steep her bread in tears, though all desert him she clings to him to the last : in poverty, in sickness, in the punishment of his crimes—she, is there : the fond mother in the loathsome convict-ship,—in the cell of the condemned,—at the foot of the scaffold ! All, all, have deserted him,—save He who died for him, and she who gave him birth.

Such is the nature, such the constancy of a mother's love. It begins before birth, and continues after death :

“ There are spun  
Around the heart such tender ties,  
That our own children, to our eyes,  
Are dearer than the sun.”

There are four forms in which this love is peculiarly conspicuous : when,

- 1st The child is criminal ;
- 2nd The child is sick ;
- 3rd The child is dying ;
- 4th The child is dead.

This tenderness of a mother's love when the child is criminal, is beautifully described by Hogarth, in his picture of "Industry and Idleness," in that aged woman, who is clinging with the fondness of hope not quite extinguished, to her brutal vice-hardened son, whom she is accompanying to the ship, which is to bear him away from his native soil, of which he has been adjudged unworthy,—in whose shocking face every trace of the human countenance seems obliterated, and a brute beast to be left instead, shocking and repulsive to all but her who watched over it in its cradle before it was so sadly altered ; and feels it must belong to her while a pulse, by the vindictive laws of his country, shall be suffered to beat in it.

There is a melancholy instance in the love of a mother for her child, in the Old Bailey Sessions Papers, for the year 1732, in the trial of John Waller. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more abandoned miscreant than Waller. He was at last detected and sentenced to the

pillory; the mob seized him and beat him to death. His dead body was put into a coach and carried to Newgate. The prisoners refused to receive it; his mother who was in waiting, regardless of the infuriated mob, went into the coach, and placing his head in her lap, took away the dead body of her child.

At this very instant how many mothers are anxiously watching their sick children—unmindful of their own fatigue, or food, or rest!

In a storm in the Yarmouth Roads a vessel was wrecked, a young woman was seen clinging to a mast,—she was seen raising her child above the highest wave, in a wild and vain attempt to save it. On the next morning she was drifting to the shore,

“And like a common weed  
The sea-swell took her hair.”

A fire destroyed a house, in which several lives were lost, among which a woman and her infant perished. On digging out the ruins, the mother was found burnt to death, but on her knees, holding her infant in a pail of water.

A few days since when walking to my cham-



bers, I saw a hearse moving slowly before me. It stopped at the door of a respectable house ; all the windows were closed. A coffin, covered with blue cloth, apparently of a child about fourteen was raised into the hearse. I happened to look up ; I saw one of the shutters slightly opened, and a female looking anxiously. The hearse moved on. As the procession turned the corner of the street, I had the curiosity, not an idle curiosity, to look back ; I saw the same female ; she had partly opened the window.

“The King took the two sons of Rizpath, and the five sons of Michael whom she brought up, and he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them on the hill before the Lord, and they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of harvest, in the first days in the beginning of barley harvest.

“And Rizpath took sackcloth and spread it for herself upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven,—and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night. Nor did she cease to watch them, until David, touched by this depth of affection,

gave them burial with the bones of their forefathers."

So too we see in every picture of the Crucifixion, the mother standing with patience and resignation at the foot of the cross :

"She when Apostles shrank could danger brave,  
Last at his Cross, and earliest at his Grave."

### OLD MAIDS.

SUCH is the influence of female affection upon youth : but to youth it is not confined. It exists at all times of life wherever woman exists. It has been my good fortune to share the friendship of many of a very interesting class of persons, I mean *old maids*. They have their faults, who has not ? But I know well, that most of them abound with kindness ; which may be seen even by the animals by which they are surrounded, and by their many misdirected enthusiasms.

"The inclination to goodness," says Lord Bacon, "is imprinted deeply in our nature, inso-much that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures."

Harriet Aspin was the youngest of four sisters, who in their childhood had all a prospect of passing through life with every advantage that beauty and fortune can bestow. But destiny ordained it otherwise. The extravagance of their father abridged the portion of each, and the little Harriet had the additional affliction of personal calamities. From a fall which her nurse occasioned, and concealed, she contracted a great degree of deformity; and the injuries that her frame had received from accident, were completed in what her countenance suffered from that cruel distemper, by which beauty was so frequently destroyed, before the happy introduction of inoculation. Her countenance and person were wretchedly disfigured; but her mind still possessed the most valuable of mental powers, and her heart was embellished by every generous affection. Her friends were many: but she had passed her fortieth year without once hearing the addresses of a single lover; yet the fancied whisper of this enchanting passion often vibrated in her ear; for, with a solid and brilliant understanding, she was deeply tinctured with this credulous foible. As she advanced towards fifty, finding her income very narrow, and her situation unpleasant, she

took shelter in the family of her favourite sister, married to a good-natured man of easy fortune, who, though he had several children, very readily allowed his wife to afford an asylum, and administer all the comforts in her power to this unfortunate relation.

The good deeds of benevolence rarely pass unrewarded. The obliging temper of Harriet, united to infinite wit and vivacity, contributed to restore the declining health of her sister, and enlivened the house, into which she was so kindly admitted. She endeared herself to every branch of it; but her second nephew, whose name is Edward, became her principal favourite, and returned her partiality with more esteem and affection than nephews are used to feel for an old maiden aunt. Indeed, there was a striking similarity in their characters, for they both possessed a very uncommon portion of wit, with extreme generosity and good-nature. Harriet had the most perfect penetration into the foibles of every character but her own, and had the art of treating them with such tender and salutary mirth, that she preserved her nephew from a thousand follies, into which the giddiness of his passions would otherwise have betrayed him; and, when he was really fallen into some juvenile

scrape, she never failed to assist him, both with secret advice, and the private aid of such little sums of money as she always contrived to save from her slender income, for the most generous of purposes.

It was almost impossible not to love a maiden aunt of so engaging a character ; and Edward, whose affections were naturally ardent, loved her, indeed, most sincerely ; but his penetration discovered her foible, and the vivacity of his spirit often tempted him to sport with it. Hitherto, however, he had done so in the most harmless manner ; but a circumstance arose, which fully proved the danger of this ordinary diversion. Edward, being a younger brother, was designed for the profession of physic. He had studied at Edinburgh ; and, returning from thence to London, had brought with him a medical friend, who was a native of Savoy, and was preparing to settle as a physician at Turin. In the gaiety of his heart, Edward informed his aunt Harriet, that he had provided her with a husband ; and he enlarged on the excellent qualities of his friend. The Savoyard was extremely polite, and, either attracted by the pleasantry of her conversation, or touched with medical pity for the striking infelicity of her distorted frame, he had paid particular

attention to Miss Aspin; for, being yet under fifty, she had not assumed the title of "Mrs." This particular attention was fully sufficient to convince the credulous Harriet, that her nephew was serious; but she was unluckily confirmed in that illusion, by his saying to her one evening, "Well, my dear aunt, my friend is to leave England on Monday; consider, on your pillow, whether you will pass the Alps, to settle with him for life, and let me know your decision before the week expires." The sportive Edward was very far from supposing, that these idle words could be productive of any fatal event; for the health of his aunt was such, that he considered his proposal of crossing the Alps full as extravagant as if he had proposed to her to settle in the moon: but let youth and vigour remember, that they seldom can form a just estimate of the wishes, the thoughts, and feelings of infirmity!—Poor Harriet had no sooner retired to her chamber, than she entered into a profound debate with a favourite maid, who used to sleep in her room, concerning the dangers of crossing the Alps, and the state of her health. In this debate both her heart and her fancy played the part of very able advocates, and defended a weak cause by an astonishing variety of arguments in its

favour. They utterly overpowered her judgment; but they could not bias the sounder sentence of Molly, who was seated on the bench on this occasion. This honest girl, who happened to have a real lover in England, had many motives to dissuade her mistress from an extravagant project of settling in a foreign country; and she uttered as many reasons to poor Harriet against the passage of the Alps, as were urged to the son of Amilcar by his Carthaginian friends, when he first talked of traversing those tremendous mountains. The debate was very warm on both sides, and supported through the greatest part of the night. The spirited Harriet was horribly fatigued by the discourse, but utterly unconvinced by the forcible arguments of her opponent. She even believed that the journey would prove a remedy for her asthmatic complaints; her desire of a matrimonial establishment was full as efficacious as the vinegar of Hannibal, and the Alps melted before it. At the dawn of day she had positively determined to follow the fortunes of the amiable Savoyard. The peace of mind, which this decision produced, afforded her a short slumber; but on waking, she was very far from being refreshed, and found that her unhappy frame had suffered so much from the agitation

of her spirit, and the want of her usual sleep, that she was unable to appear at breakfast. This, however, was a circumstance too common to alarm the family ; for though her cheerfulness never forsook her, yet her little portion of strength was frequently exhausted, and her breath often seemed on the very point of departing from her diminutive body. Towards noon, her sister entered her chamber, to make a kind enquiry concerning her health. It was a warm day in spring ; yet Harriet, who was extremely chilly, had seated herself in a little low chair, by the side of a large fire. Her feet were strangely twisted together ; and, leaning forward to rest her elbow on her knee, she supported her head on her right hand. To the affectionate questions of her sister she made no reply ; but, starting from her reverie, walked with apparent difficulty across the chamber, and, saying, with a feeble and broken voice, “ I can never pass the Alps,” sunk down on the side of her bed,—and with one deep sigh, but without any convulsive struggle, expired. Whether the much-injured and defective organs of her life were completely worn out by time, or whether the conflict of different affections, which had harassed her spirit through the night, really shortened her



existence, the all-seeing author of it can alone determine. It is certain, however, that her death, and the peculiar circumstances attending it, produced among her relations the most poignant affliction. As she died without one convulsive motion, her sister could hardly believe her to be dead ; and as this good lady had not attended to the levities of her son Edward, she could not comprehend the last words of Harriet, till her faithful servant gave a full and honest account of the nightly conversation which had passed between herself and her departed mistress. As her nephew, Edward, was my intimate friend, and Iwell knew his regard for this singular little being, I hastened to him the first moment that I heard she was no more. I found him under the strongest impression of recent grief, and in the midst of that self-accusation so natural to a generous spirit upon such an occasion. I endeavoured to comfort him, by observing, that death, which ought, perhaps, never to be considered as an evil, might surely be esteemed a blessing to a person, whose unfortunate infirmities of body must undoubtedly have been a source of incessant suffering. “ Alas ! my dear friend,” he replied, “ both my heart and my understanding refuse to subscribe to the ideas, by which you so kindly try to console me.

I allow, indeed, that her frame was unhappy, and her health most delicate ; but who had a keener relish of all the genuine pleasures which belong to a lively and a cultivated mind, and still more, of all those higher delights, which are at once the test and the reward of a benevolent heart ? It is true, she had her foibles ; but what right had I to sport with them ?—to me they ought to have been particularly sacred ; for she never looked upon mine, but with the most generous indulgence.” “ Poor Harriet !” she would frequently exclaim,—“ Poor aunt Harriet !” I have basely abridged thy very weak, but not unjoyous existence, by the most unthinking barbarity. I will, however, be tender to thy memory ; and I wish that I could warn the world against the dangerous cruelty of jesting with the credulity of every being who may resemble thee.”—*Hayley*.

## THE WIDOW.

(FROM A VERY OLD TRANSLATION OF BOCCACCIO'S FALCON.)

AMONG the multiplicity of his quaint discourses I remember he told us, that sometime there lived in Florence a young gentleman named Frederigo, sonne to Signior Phillippo Alberigo, who was held and reputed both for armes and all other actions beseeeming a gentleman, hardly to have his equal through all Tuscany.

This Frederigo (as it is no rare matter in yong gentlemen) became enamored of a gentlewoman, named Madam Giana, who was esteemed (in her time) to be the fairest and most gracious lady in all Florence. In which respect, and to reach the height of his desire, he made many sumptuous feasts and banquets, joustes, tilties, tournaments, and all other noble actions of armes, beside sending her infinite rich and costly presents, making spare of nothing, but lashing all out in lauish expence. Notwithstanding, she being no lesse honest then faire, made no reckoning of whatsoeuer he did for her sake, or the

least respect of his owne person. So that Frederigo spending thus daily more then his meanes and ability could maintaine, and no supplies any-way redounding to him, or his faculties (as very easily they might) diminished in such sort, that he became so poore, as he had nothing left him, but a small poore farme to liue vpon, the silly reuenewes wherof were so meane as scarcely allowed him meat and drink, yet he had a faire hawke or faulcon hardly anywhere to be fellowed, so expeditious and sure she was of flight. His low ebbe and poverty no way quailing his loue to the lady, but rather setting a keener edge thereon: he saw the city life could no longer containe him, where he most coueted to abide, and therefore betook himselfe to his poore countrey farme to let his faulcon get him his dinner and supper, patiently supporting his penurious estate without suite or meanes making to one for helpe or relief in any such necessity.

While thus he continued in this extremity it came to passe, that the husband of Madam Giana fell sicke, and his debility of body being such, as little or no hope of life remained, he made his last will and testament, ordaining thereby that his sonne (already grown to indifferent stature) should be heire to all his lands and

riches wherein he abounded very greatly. Next vnto him, if he chanced to die without a lawful heire, he substituted his wife whom most dearly he affected; and so departed out of this life. Madam Giana being thus left a widow, as commonly it is the custome of our city dames, during the summer season, she went to a house of her owne in the countrey which was somewhat neare to poore Frederigo's farme, and where he liued in such an honest kind of contented pouerty.

Hereupon the young gentleman, her sonne, taking great delight in hounds and hawkes, grew into familiarity with poor Frederigo, and hauing seene many faire flights of his faulcon, they pleased him so extraordinarily, that he earnestly desired to enjoy her as his owne: yet durst not moue the motion for her, because he saw how choycely Frederigo esteemed her. Within a short while after, the young gentleman became very sicke, whereat his mother greued exceedingly (as having no more but he, and therefore loved him the more entirely) neuer parting from him either night or day, comforting him so kindly as she could, and demanding if he had a desire to anything, willing him to reueale it and assuring him withall that (if it were within compasse of possibility) he should haue it. The youth hear-

ing how many times she had made him these offers, and with such vehement protestations of performance, at last thus spake :—

“ Mother (quoth he) if you can do so much for me, as that I may haue Frederigo’s faulcon, I am perswaded, that my sicknesse will soone cease.” The lady hearing this, sate some short while musing to herselfe, and began to consider what she might best doe to compasse her sonne’s desire, for well she knew how long a time Frederigo had most louingly kept it, not suffering it euer to be out of his sight. Moreouer, shee remembered how earnest in affection he had bene to her, neuer thinking himselfe happy but onely when he was in her company, wherefore shee entred into this private consultation with her owne thoughts: “ Shall I send, or goe myself in person, to request the faulcon of him, it being the best that euer flew? It is his onely jewell of delight, and that taken from him, no longer can he wish to liue in this world. How farre then voyde of vnderstanding shall I shew myselfe, to rob a gentleman of his sole felicity hauing no other joy or comfort left him ?” These and the like considerations wheeled about her troubled braine, onely in tender care and loue for her sonne, perswading herselfe assuredly that the faulcon were her owne, if she

would but request it, yet, not knowing whereon it were best to resolve, shee returned no answer to her sonne, but sat still in her silent meditations. At the length, loue to the youth, so prevailed with her, that she concluded on his contentation, and (come of it what could) shee would not send for it; but go herselfe in person to request it, and then returne home againe with it: whereupon thus she spake,—“ Sonne, comfort thyselfe, and let languishing thoughts no longer offend thee, for here I promise thee that the first thing I doe to-morrow morning, shall bee my iourney for the faulcon, and assure thyselfe that I will bring it with me.” Whereat the youth was so joyed, that he imagined his sicknesse began instantly a little to leaue him and promised himself speedy recouery.

Somewhat early the next morning, the lady, in care of her sicke son's health, was up and ready betimes, and taking another gentlewoman with her; onely as a morning recreation, shee walked to Frederigo's poore country farme, knowing that it would not a little glad him to see her. At the time of her arriuall there, he was (by chance) in a silly garden, on the backe of the house, because (as yet) it was no convenient time for flight: but when he heard Madam Giana was

come thither and desired to haue some conference with him ; as one almost confounded with admiration, in all haste he ran to her, and saluted her with most humble reuerence. She in all modest and gracious manner requited him with the like salutations, thus speaking to him : “ Signior Frederigo, your own best wishes befriend you, I am now come hither to recompence some part of your passed trauailes, which heretofore you pretended to suffer for my sake, when your love was more, then did well become you to offer, or myselfe to accept. And such is the nature of my recompence, that I make myselfe your guest, and mean this day to dine with you, as also this gentlewoman, making no doubt of our welcome. Whereto with lowly reverence, thus he replied : “ Madam, I doe not remembre that euer I sustained any losse or hindrance by you, but rather much good, as if I was worth any thing it proceeded from your great deseruings, and by the service in which I did stand engaged to you. But my present happinesse can no way be equalled,—deriued from your super-abounding gracious fauour, and more than common course of kindnesse, vouchsafing of your owne liberall nature,—to come and visit so poore a servant. Oh, that I had as much to spend againe, as



heretofore riotously I have runne thorow: what a welcome would your poore host bestow vpon you, for gracing this homely house with your divine presence!" With these words he conducted her into his house, and then into his simple garden, where, hauing no convenient company for her, he said,—“Madam, the poverty of this place is such, that it affordeth none fit for your conversation; this poore woman, wife to an honest husbandman, will attend on you, while I (with some speede) shall make ready dinner.”

Poore Frederigo, although his necessity was extreame, and his greefe great,—remembering his former inordinate expences, a moiety whereof would now haue stood him in some stead; yet he had a heart as free and forward as ener, not a iotte dejected in his minde, though vtterly overthrowne by fortune. Alas! how was his good soule afflicted, that he had nothing wherewith to honour his lady! Up and downe he runnes, one while this way, then againe another, exclaiming on his disastrous fate, like a man enraged or bereft of his senses; for he had not one penny of mony, neither pawne or pledge wherewith to procure any. The time hasted on, and he would gladly (though in meane measure) expresse his honourable respect of the lady. To

begge of any his nature denied it ; and to borrow he could not, because his neighbours were all as needie as himselfe.

At last, looking round about, and seeing his faulcone on her perch, which he felt to be very plumpe and fat ; Being voyde of all other helpes in his neede, and thinking her to be a fowle meete for so noble a lady to feede on, without any further demurring or delay he pluckt off her neck, and caused the poor woman presently to pull her feathers : which being done, he put her on the spit, and in a short time she was daintily roasted. Himselfe couered the table, set bread and salt on,—and laid the napkins, whereof he had but a few left him. Going then with chearfull lookes into the garden, telling the lady that dinner was ready, and nothing was wanted but her presence ; shee, and the gentlewoman went in, and being seted at the table, not knowing what they fed on, the faulcon was all their foode : and Frederigo not a little ioyfull that his credit was so well saued. When they were risen from the table and had spent some small time in familiar conference, the lady thought it fit to acquaint him with the reason of her comming thither ; and therefore (in very kinde manner) thus began :

“Frederigo, if you do yet remember your former carriage towards me (as also my many modest and chaste denials) which (perhaps) you thought to sauour of a harsh, cruell, and vn-womanly nature, I make no doubt but you will wonder at my present presumption, when you vnderstand the occasion which expressly mooued me to come hither. But if you were possessed of children, or euer had any, whereby you might comprehend what love in nature is due vnto them : then I durst assure my selfe that you would partly hold me excused.

“Now in regard, that you neuer had any, and myselfe (for my part) haue but onely one, I stand not exempt from those lawes which are common to other mothers. And being compelled to obey the power of those lawes, contrary to mine owne will, and those duties which reason ought to maintaine, I am to request a gift of you, which I am certaine that you doe make most precious account of, as in manly equity you can doe no lesse. For fortune hath bin so extreemly aduerse to you, that she hath robbed you of all other pleasures, allowing you no comfort or delight, but only that poore one, which is your faire faulcone. Of which bird, my sonne is become so strangely desirous, as if I doe not

bring it to him at my comming home, I feare so much the extreamity of his sicknesse, as nothing can ensue thereon but the losse of life. Wherefore, I beseech you, not in regard to the love you have borne me, for therby you stande no way obliged, but in your owne true gentle nature (the which hath always declared itselfe ready in you, to do more kinde offices generally than any other gentleman that I know), you will be pleased to giue her me, or at least, let me buy her of you. Which if you doe, I shall freely confesse that onely by your means my sonne's life is saued, and we both shall for ever remaine engaged to you."

When Frederigo had heard the ladies request, which was now quite out of his power to graunt, because it had bene her service at dinner, he stood like a man dulled in his sences, the teares trickling amain downe his cheekes, and he not able to vtter one word. Which she perceiving began to conjecture immediately, that these tears and passions proceeded rather from greefe of minde, as being loather to part with his fault-cone then any other kinde of manner, which made her ready to say that she would not haue it. Neuertheless she did not speake but rather tarried to attend his answer; which, after some

small respite and pause, he returned in this manner :

“ Madam, since the houre when first my affection became soly deuoted to your seruice, fortune hath bene crosse and contrary to me in many occasions, as iustly, and in good reason I may complaine of her : yet all seemed light and easie to be indured in comparison of her present malicious contradiction, to my vtter ouerthrow, and perpetual mollestation. Considering that you are come hither to my poore house, which (while I was rich and able) you would not so much as vouchsafe to looke on ; and now you haue requested a small matter of me wherein she hath also crookedly thwarted me, because she hath disabled me in bestowing so mean a gift, as your selfe will confesse when it shall be related to you in a few words.

“ So soone as I heard that it was your pleasure to dine with me, hauing regard to your excellency, and what (by merit) is justly due vnto you, I thought it a part of my bounden duty to entertaine you with such exquisite viands as my poore power could any way compasse, and farre beyond respect or welcome to other common and ordinary persons. Whereupon remembering my faulcone, which now you aske for, and her goodnesse excel-

ling all other of her kinde, I supposed that she would make a dainty dish for your dyet; and, hauing drest her so well as I could devise to do, you haue fed heartily on her, and I am proud that I haue so well bestowne her. But perceiuing now that you would haue her for your sicke sonne, it is no mean affliction to me that I am disabled of yeelding you contentment which all my lifetime I haue desired to doe."

To approve his words, the feathers, feete and beake were brought in; and when she saw this, she greatly blamed him for killing so rare a faulcone, to content the appetite of any woman whatsoeuer. Yet she commended his height of spirit which poverty had no power to abase. Lastly, her hopes being frustrate, for enjoying the faulcone, and fearing besides the health of her sonne, she thanked Frederigo for his honorable kindnesse, returning home againe sad and melancholly. Shortly after, her sonne, either greeuing that he could not haue the faulcone, or by extreimity of his disease, chanced to die, leauing his mother a most woeful lady.

After so much time was expired, as conveniently might agree with sorrow and mourning, her brethren made many motions to her to joyne herself in marriage againe, because she was ex-

traordinarily rich and as yet but yong in years. Now, although she was well contented neuer to be married any more, yet, being continually importuned by them, and remembring the honourable honesty of *Frederigo*,—his last poore, yet magnificent dinner, in killing his faulcone for her sake,—she saide to her brethren : “ This kinde of widdowed estate doth like me so well, as willingly I would neuer leave it : but seeing you are so earnest for my second marriage, let me plainly tell you, that I will neuer accept of any other husband but onely *Frederigo di Alberino*.’

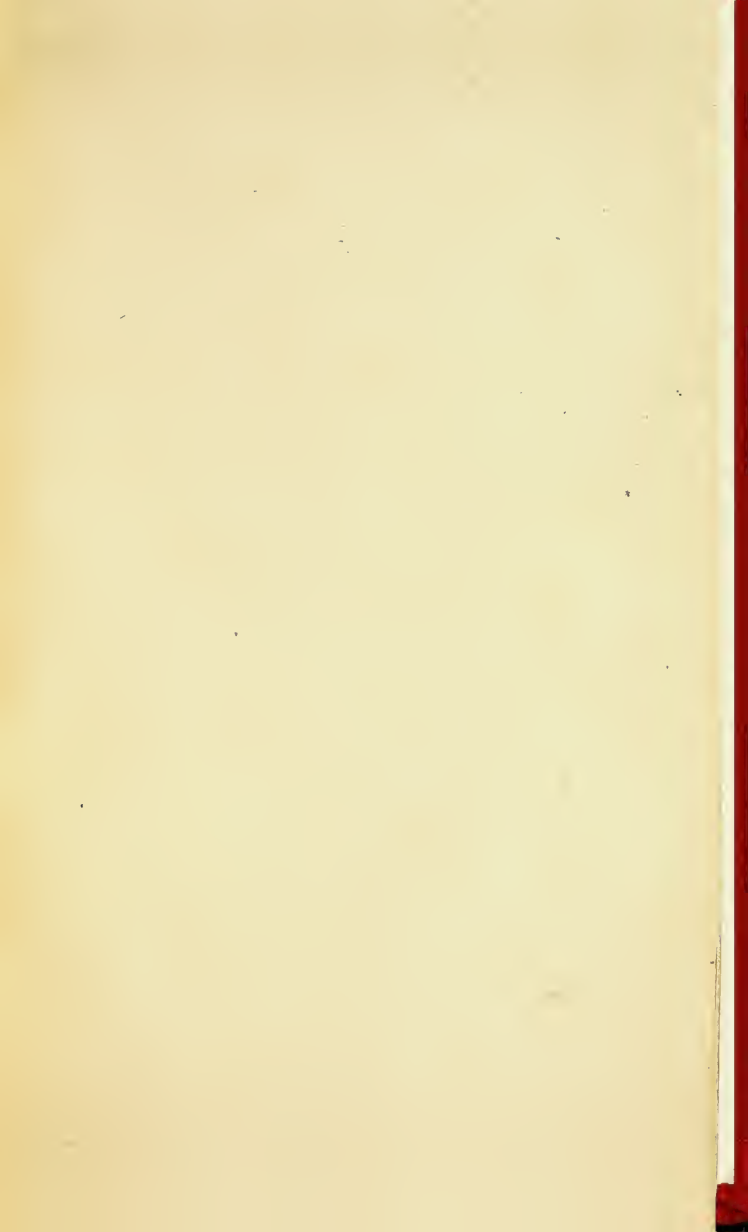
## CONCLUSION.

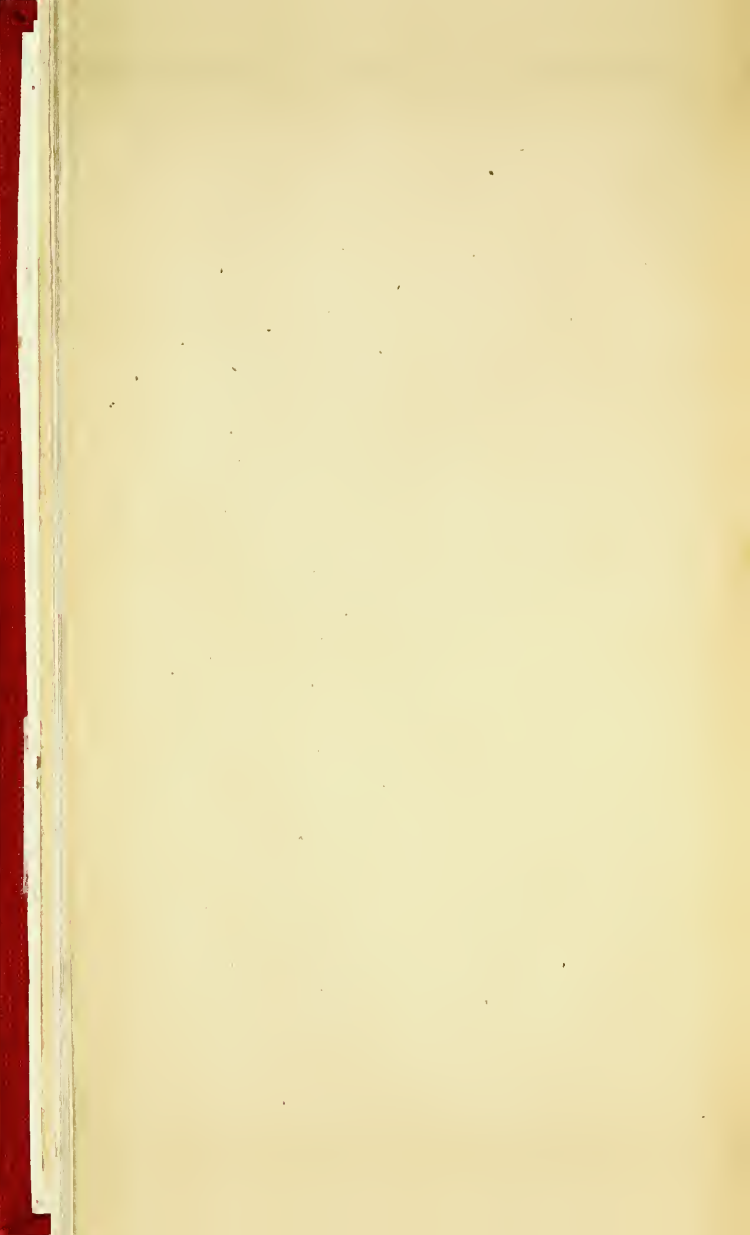
Such are facts, from which the nature and strength and delicacy of affection may be seen.

Dear, dear Woman !—Let me,—indebted as I am to your tenderness and love for every blessing of my life,—let me say, in the words of the sweet Northern poet :

“ Long since, this world’s thorny ways  
Had numbered out my weary days,  
Had it not been for you.”







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